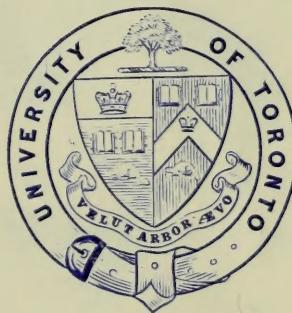


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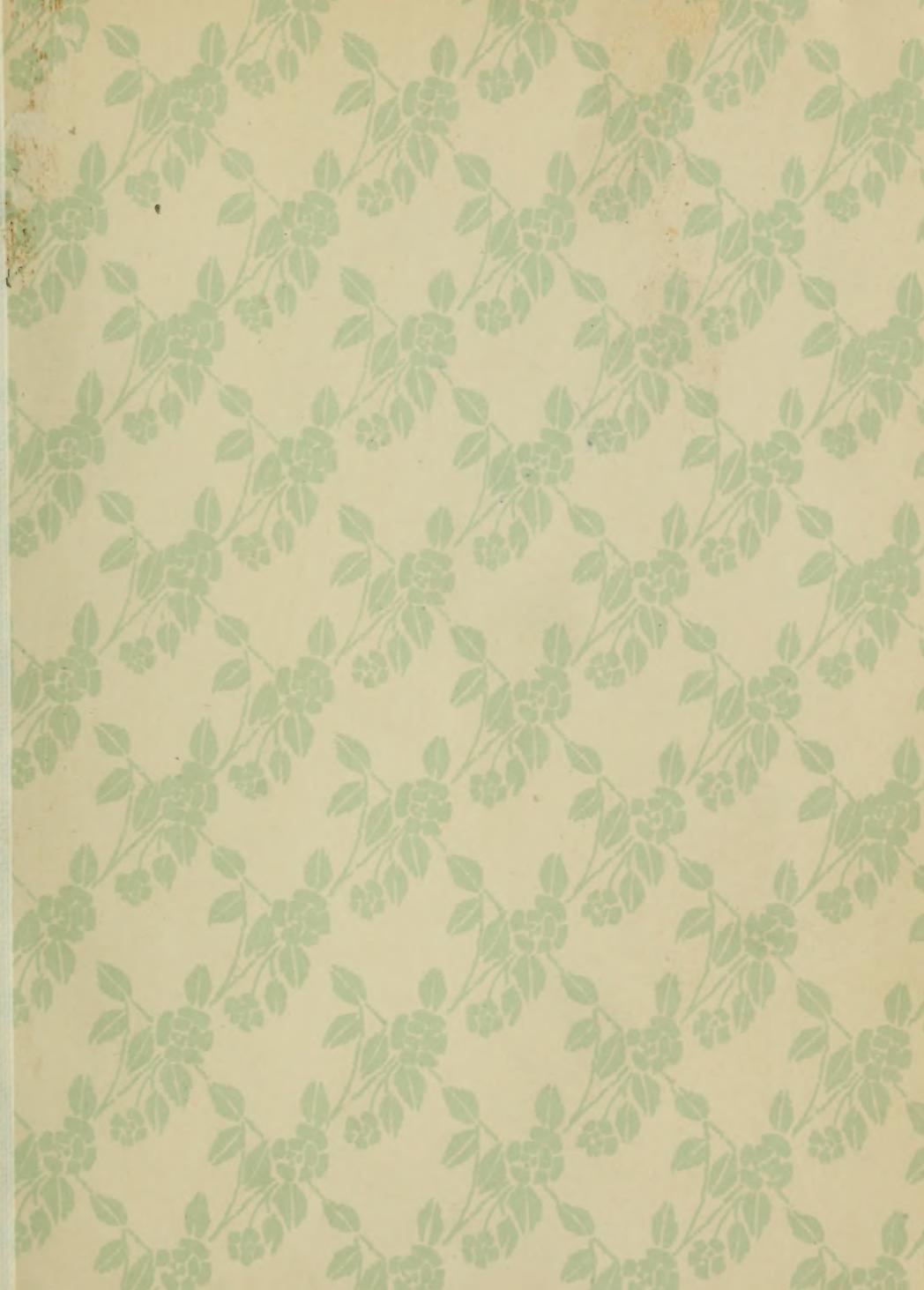
Tennyson, Alfred Tennyson
Holly from Tennyson

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IWOULD that happiness were
gold, that I
Might cast my largess of it to
the crowd. *The Cup.*

THE time draws near the birth
of Christ:
The moon is hid; the night
is still;
The Christmas bells from hill
to hill
Answer each other in the mist.

In Memoriam.



MAKE Thou my spirit pure
and clear
As are the frosty skies,
Or this first snowdrop of
the year
That in my bosom lies.

St. Agnes.

He that walks . . . only thirsting
For the right, and learns to deaden
Love of self, before his journey closes,
He shall find the stubborn thistle bursting
Into glossy purples which outredden
All voluptuous garden-roses.

Ode on the Death of the Duke of Wellington.

Men, my brothers, men the workers, ever
reaping something new;
That which they have done but earnest of
the things that they shall do.

Locksley Hall.

Now rings the woodland loud and long,
The distance takes a lovelier hue,
And drown'd in yonder living blue
The lark becomes a sightless song.

In Memoriam.

Our echoes roll from soul to soul,
And grow forever and forever.

The Princess.



O fret not, like an idle girl,
That life is dash'd with flecks
of sin.

Abide: thy wealth is gather'd in,
When Time hath sunder'd shell
from pearl.

In Memoriam.

Oh yet we trust that somehow good
Will be the final goal of ill.

That nothing walks with aimless feet;
That not one life shall be destroy'd,
Or cast as rubbish to the void,
When God hath made the pile complete.

In Memoriam.

I too would teach the man
Beyond the darker hour to see the bright,
That his fresh life may close as it began,
The still-fulfilling promise of a light
Narrowing the bounds of night.

Progress of Spring.

Better not be at all
Than not be noble.

The Princess.



T last I heard a voice upon the slope
Cry to the summit, "Is there
any hope?"
To which an answer peal'd from
that high land,
But in a tongue no man could
understand;
And on the glimmering limit far withdrawn
God made Himself an awful rose of dawn.

The Vision of Sin.

. . . The path that each man trod
Is dim, or will be dim, with weeds:
What fame is left for
human deeds
In endless age?
It rests with God,

In Memoriam.





ING out, wild bells, to the
wild sky,
The flying cloud, the
frosty light:
The year is dying in the
night;

Ring out, wild bells, and let him die.

Ring out the old, ring in the new,
Ring, happy bells, across the snow:
The year is going, let him go;
Ring out the false, ring in the true.

In Memoriam.

A faith as clear as the heights of the June-blue heaven,
And a fancy as summer new
As the green of the bracken amid the gloom
of the heather.

June Bracken and Heather.

The bee buzz'd up in the heat,
"I am faint for your honey, my sweet."
The flower said, "Take it, my dear,
For now is the spring of the year,
So come, come!"
"Hum!"

And the bee buzz'd down from the heat.

The Foresters.



N her ear he whispers gayly,
 "If my heart by signs can tell,
Maiden, I have watch'd thee daily,
 And I think thou lov'st me well."

O but she will love him truly!
 He shall have a cheerful home;
She will order all things duly,
 When beneath his roof they come.
Thus her heart rejoices greatly,
 Till a gateway she discerns
With armorial bearings stately,
 And beneath the gate she turns;
Sees a mansion more majestic
 Than all those she saw before:
Many a gallant, gay domestic
 Bows before him at the door.
And they speak in gentle murmur,
 When they answer to his call,
While he treads with footsteps firmer
 Leading on from hall to hall.
And while now she wonders blindly,
 Nor the meaning can divine,
Proudly turns he round, and kindly,
 "All of this is mine and thine."

The Lord of Burleigh.





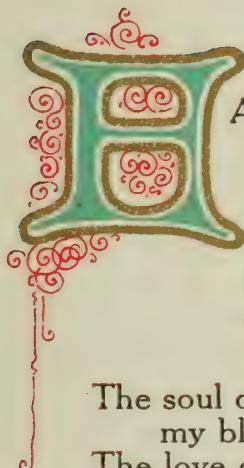
LOWER, in the crannied wall,
I pluck you out of the crannies,—
Hold you here, root and all, in
my hand,
Little flower,—but if I could
understand
What you are, root and all, and all in all,
I should know what God and man is.

"Flower in the Crannied Wall."

Be wise,
Cleave ever to the sunnier side of doubt,
And cling to Faith beyond the forms of
Faith!
She reels not in the storm of warring words,
She brightens at the clash of "Yes" and
"No,"
She sees the Best that glimmers thro' the
Worst,
She feels the sun is hid but for a night,
She spies the summer thro' the winter bud.

The Ancient Sage.

More things are wrought by prayer
Than this world dreams of. Wherefore,
let thy voice
Rise like a fountain for me night and day.
The Passing of Arthur.



ACH by turns was guide to each,
And Fancy light from Fancy
caught,
And Thought leapt out to wed
with Thought,
Ere Thought could wed itself
with Speech. *In Memoriam.*

The soul of the woods hath stricken thro'
my blood,
The love of freedom, the desire of God,
The hope of larger life hereafter.

The Foresters.

The Peak is high and flush'd
At his highest with sunrise fire:
The Peak is high, and the stars are high,
And the thought of a man is higher.

The Voice and the Peak.

. . . To me is given
Such hope, I know not fear;
I yearn to breathe the airs of heaven
That often meet me here.

Sir Galahad.

New leaf, new life—the days of frost are o'er:
New life, new love to suit the newer day:
New loves are sweet as those that went
before. *The Last Tournament.*



He hath no thought of
coming woes,
He hath no care of
life or death
Scarce outward signs of joy arise,
Because the Spirit of happiness
And perfect rest so inward is.

Supposed Confessions.

How sweetly smells the honeysuckle!
. . . As if the world were one
Of utter peace, and love, and gentleness!

Gareth and Lynette.



NOWLEDGE is now no more
a fountain seal'd:
Drink deep, until the habits
of the slave,
The sins of emptiness, gossip,
and spite,
And slander die.

The Princess.

. . . Any man that walks the mead,
In bud or blade, or bloom, may find,
According as his humors lead,
A meaning suited to his mind.

The Day Dream.

The wish, that of the living whole
No life may fail beyond the grave,
Derives it not from what we have
The likest God within the soul?

In Memoriam.

On the nigh-naked tree the robin piped
Disconsolate, and thro' the dripping haze
The dead weight of the dead leaf bore it
down:
Thicker the drizzle grew, deeper the gloom.

Enoch Arden.

The loss that brought us pain,
That loss but made us love the more.

The Miller's Daughter.



OT sowing hedgerow texts and
passing by,
Nor dealing goodly counsel
from a height
That makes the lowest hate it,
but a voice
Of comfort and an open hand of help.
Aylmer's Field.

We sleep and wake and sleep, but all
things move;
The Sun flies forward to his brother Sun;
The dark Earth follows wheel'd in her ellipse;
And human things returning on themselves
Move onward, leading up the golden year.

The Golden Year.

A second voice was at mine ear,
A little whisper silver-clear,
A murmur, "Be of better cheer."

The Two Voices.

Forward, forward let us range.
Let the great world spin forever down the
ringing grooves of change.

Locksley Hall.

Time driveth onward fast,
And in a little while our lips are dumb.
The Lotos-Eaters.





LIKE souls that balance joy and pain,
With tears and smiles from
heaven again
The maiden Spring upon the
plain
Came in a sunlit fall of rain.
In crystal vapor everywhere,
Blue isles of heaven laugh'd between,
And far, in forest-deeps unseen,
The topmost elm tree gather'd green
From draughts of balmy air.

Sir Launcelot and Queen Guinevere.

Love is hurt with jar and fret,
Love is made a vague regret.

The Miller's Daughter.

Behold, we know not anything;
I can but trust that good shall fall
At last—far off—at last to all,
And every winter change to spring.

In Memoriam.

Love took up the harp of Life, and smote
on all the chords with might;
Smote the chord of Self, that, trembling,
pass'd in music out of sight.

Locksley Hall.



ET Hope shall be the star that
lights our night of grief
on earth;
And she shall point to sweeter
morns, when brighter
suns shall rise,
And spread the radiance of their rays
o'er earth, and seas, and skies.

*"How gayly sinks the gorgeous sun
within his golden bed."*

Warble, bird, and open flower, and, men
below the dome of azure,
Kneel, adoring Him the Timeless in the
flame that measures Time!

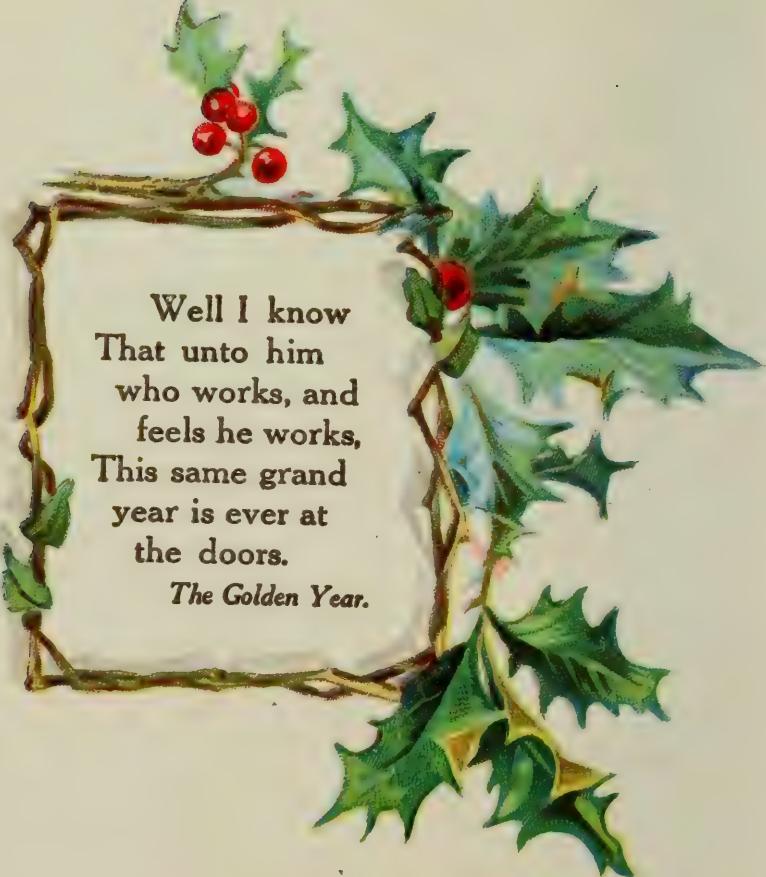
Akbar's Dream.

Let be thy wail and help thy fellowmen,
And make thy gold thy vassal, not thy
king,
And fling free alms into the beggar's bowl,
And send the day into the darken'd heart,
Nor list for guerdon in the voice of men.

The Ancient Sage.

The fairest flower on earth must fade,
The brightest hopes on earth must die:
Why should we mourn that man was made
To droop on earth, but dwell on high?

"Why should we weep for those who die?"



Well I know
That unto him
who works, and
feels he works,
This same grand
year is ever at
the doors.

The Golden Year.

Nature, so far as in her lies,
Imitates God, and turns her face,
To every land beneath the skies,
Counts nothing that she meets with base,
But lives and loves in every place.

On a Mourner.



URN, Fortune, turn thy wheel and
lower the proud;
Turn thy wild wheel thro' sun-
shine, storm and cloud:
Thy wheel and thee we neither
love nor hate.

Smile and we smile, the lords of
many lands;
Frown and we smile, the lords of our
own hands;
For man is man and master of his fate.

Enid.

Can trouble live with April days,
Or sadness in the summer moons?

Bring orchis, bring the foxglove spire,
The little speedwell's darling blue.
Deep tulips dash'd with fiery dew,
Laburnums, dropping wells of fire.

In Memoriam.

And had some prophet spoken true
Of all we shall achieve,
The wonders were so wildly new
That no man would believe.

Mechanophilus.



S He not yonder in those uttermost
Parts of the morning? if I flee
to these
Can I go from Him? and the sea
is His,
The sea is His: He made it.

Enoch Arden.

No sound is breathed so potent to coerce,
And to conciliate, as their names who dare
For that sweet motherland which gave
them birth

Nobly to do, nobly to die. Their names,
Graven on memorial columns, are a song
Heard in the future . . .

. . . their examples reach a hand
Far thro' all years, and everywhere they
meet
And kindle generous purpose, and the
strength
To mould it into action pure as theirs.

Tiresias.

. . . Like a child in doubt and fear:
But that blind clamor made me wise;
Then was I as a child that cries,
But, crying, knows his father near.

In Memoriam.

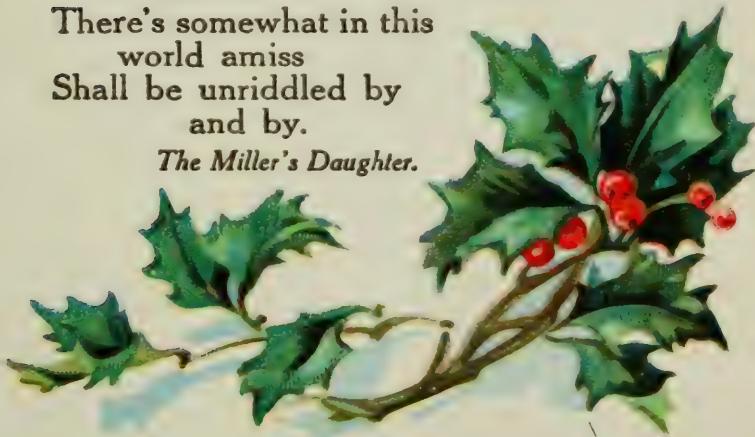


ALT, and Love himself will bring
The drooping flower of knowl-
edge changed to fruit
Of Wisdom. Wait: my faith
is large in Time
And that which shapes it to some per-
fect end.

Love and Duty.

There's somewhat in this
world amiss
Shall be unriddled by
and by.

The Miller's Daughter.





UNSET and evening star,
And one clear call for me!
And may there be no moaning of
the bar,
When I put out to sea.

But such a tide as moving seems asleep,
Too full for sound and foam
When that which drew from out the
boundless deep
Turns again home.

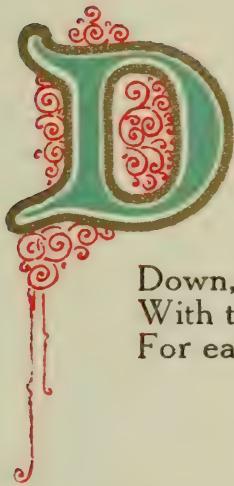
Twilight and evening bell,
And after that the dark!
And may there be no sadness of farewell,
When I embark!

For tho' from out the bourne of
Time and Place
The flood will bear me far,
I hope to see my Pilot face to face
When I have crost the bar.

Crossing the Bar.

Whate'er thy joys, they vanish with
the day;
Whate'er thy griefs, in sleep they
fade away.

The Foresters.



OWN with ambition, avarice,
pride,
Jealousy, down! cut off from
the mind
The bitter springs of anger and
fear;
Down, too, down at your own fireside,
With the evil tongue and the evil ear,
For each is at war with mankind.

Maud.

Above the perilous seas of Change and
Chance
. . . hold out the lights of cheerfulness,
As the tall ship, that many a dreary year
Knit to some dismal sand-bank far at sea,
All thro' the livelong hours of utter dark,
Showers slanting light upon the dolorous
wave.

The Lover's Tale.

He that wrongs his friend
Wrongs himself more, and ever bears about
A silent court of justice in his breast,
Himself the judge and jury, and himself
The prisoner at the bar ever condemned.

Sea Dreams.





MILING, frowning, evermore,
Thou art perfect in love-lore,
Revealings deep and clear are
thine
Of wealthy smiles: but who may
know
Whether smile or frown be fleeter?
Whether smile or frown be sweeter?
Who may know?
Frowns perfect-sweet along the brow
Light-glooming over eyes divine,
Like little clouds sun-fringed are thine,
Ever varying Madeline.

Thy smile and frown are not aloop
From one another,
Each to each is dearest brother;
Hues of the silken, sheeny woof
Momently shot into each other.
All the mystery is thine;
Smiling, frowning, evermore,
Thou art perfect in love-lore,
Ever varying Madeline.

Madeline.



EAUTY, Good, and Knowledge
are three sisters
That dote upon each other,
friends to man,
Living together under the same
roof,

And never can be sunder'd without tears.

To —— : "I send you here."

Thou wilt not leave us in the dust:
Thou madest man, he knows not why;
He thinks he was not made to die;
And Thou hast made him: Thou art just.

In Memoriam.

The old order changeth, yielding place to
new,
And God fulfills Himself in many ways,
Lest one good custom should corrupt the
world.

The Passing of Arthur.

Once more the Heavenly Power
Makes all things new,
And domes the red-plow'd hills
With loving blue;
The blackbirds have their wills,
The throstles too.

Early Spring.



LIVE thy Life,
Young and old,
Like yon oak,
Bright in spring
Living gold.

Summer rich
Then; and then
Autumn-changed,
Soberer-hued,
Gold again.
The Oak.

Hope smiles
from the thresh-
old of the
year to come,
Whispering,
“It will be
happier.”

The Foresters.



E was not all unhappy. His resolve
Upbore him, and firm faith,
and evermore
Prayer from a living source
within the will,
And beating up thro' all the
bitter world,
Like fountains of sweet water in
the sea,
Kept him a living soul.

Enoch Arden.

Hurt no man more
Than you would harm your loving natural
brother
Of the same roof, same breast. If any do,
Albeit he think himself at home with God,
Of this be sure, he is whole worlds away.

Queen Mary.

I hold it true, whate'er befall;
I feel it, when I sorrow most;
'Tis better to have loved and lost
Than never to have loved at all.

In Memoriam.

The sun, the moon, the stars
Send no such light upon the ways of men
As one great deed.

Tiresias.



CAST the poison from your bosom,
oust the madness from your brain,
Let the trampled serpent show you
that you have not lived in vain.

Locksley Hall, Sixty Years After.

Let not Reason fail me, nor the sod
Draw from my death Thy living flower
and grass,
Before I learn that Love, which is and was
My Father, and my Brother, and my God!

Doubt and Prayer.

Doubt no longer that the Highest is the
wisest and the best,
Let not all that saddens Nature blight thy
hope or break thy rest.
Quail not at the fiery mountain, at the ship-
wreck, or the rolling
Thunder, or the rending earthquake, or
the famine or the pest!

Faith.

Ring in the valiant man and free,
The larger heart, the kindlier hand;
Ring out the darkness of the land,
Ring in the Christ that is to be.

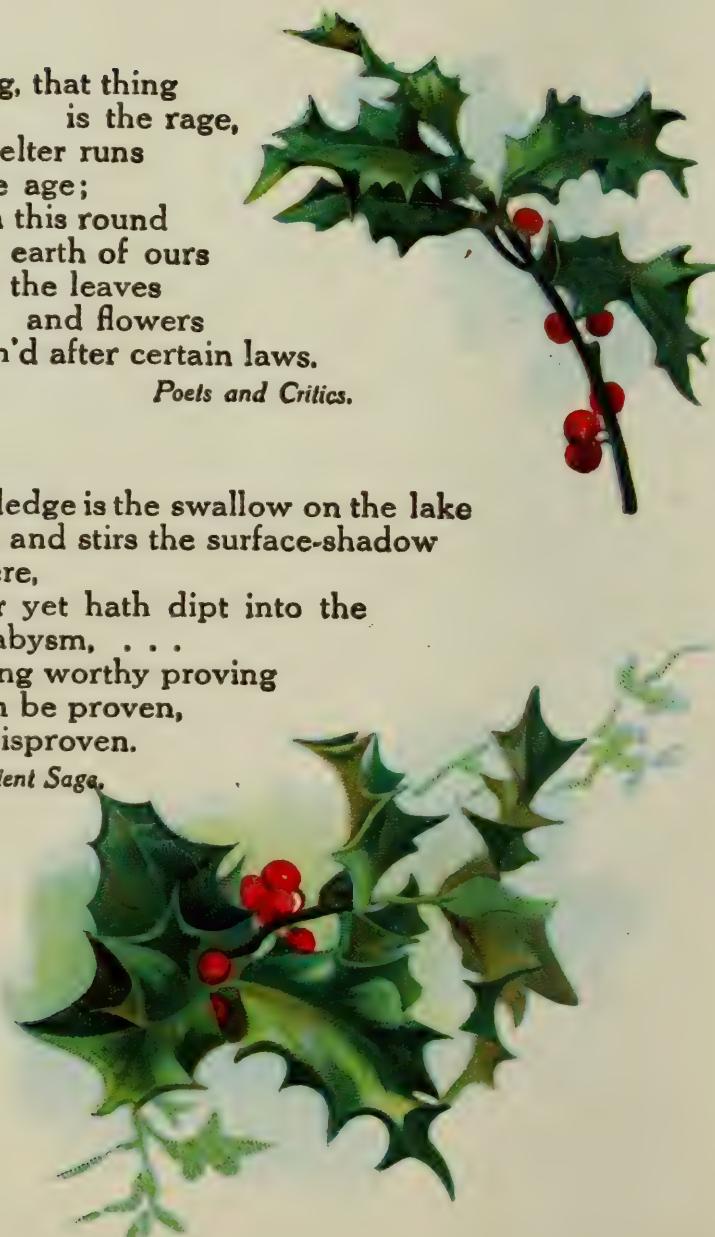
In Memoriam.

This thing, that thing
 is the rage,
Helter-skelter runs
 the age;
Minds on this round
 earth of ours
Vary like the leaves
 and flowers
Fashion'd after certain laws.

Poets and Critics.

Knowledge is the swallow on the lake
That sees and stirs the surface-shadow
 there,
But never yet hath dipt into the
 abyssm, . . .
For nothing worthy proving
 can be proven,
Nor yet disproven.

The Ancient Sage.





ND the bee buzz'd up in the cold,
When the flower was wither'd
and old;
“Have you still any honey,
my dear?”
She said, “It's the fall of the year,
But come, come!”
“Hum!”

And the bee buzz'd off in the cold.

The Foresters.

Love is come with a song and a smile,
Welcome Love with a smile and a song:
Love can stay but a little while.
Why cannot he stay? They call him away;
Ye do him wrong, ye do him wrong;
Love will stay for a whole life long.

Harold.

The fire of Heaven is on the dusty ways,
The wayside blossoms open to the blaze;
The whole wood-world is one full peal of
praise.

Balin and Balan.

For now the Heavenly Power
Makes all things new,
And thaws the cold, and fills
The flower with dew.

Early Spring.



AIN, bootless pursuers of honor
and fame!
'Tis idle to tell ye, what soon
ye must prove—
That honor's a bauble, and
glory a name,
When put in the balance of friendship
and love. "*Oh! never may frowns
and dissension molest!*"

Howe'er it be, it seems to me,
'Tis only noble to be good.
Kind hearts are more than coronets,
And simple faith than Norman blood.

Lady Clara Vere de Vere.

From the woods
Came voices of the well-contented doves.
The lark could scarce get out his notes
for joy,
But shook his song together as he near'd
His happy home, the ground.

The Gardener's Daughter.

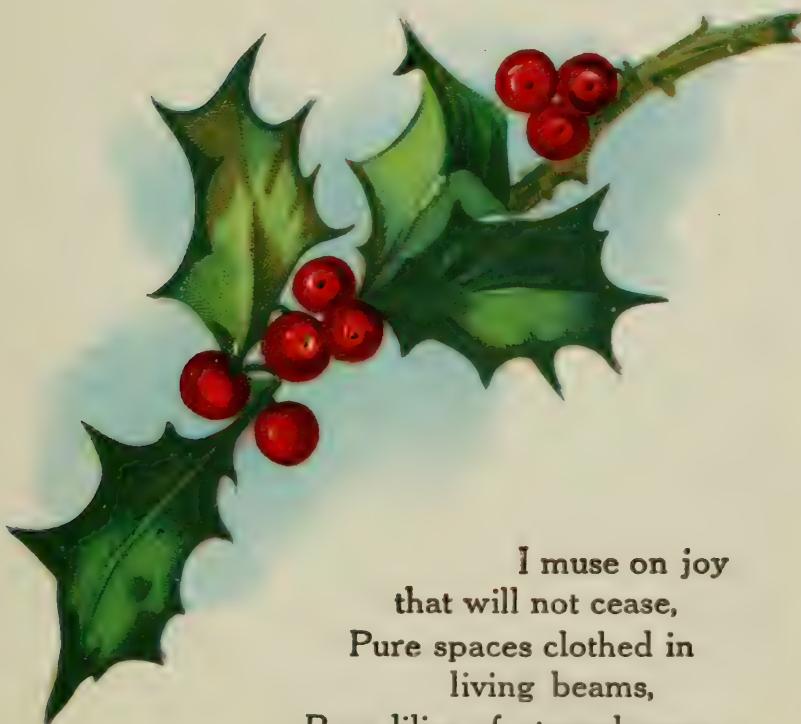
Over! the sweet summer closes,
And never a flower at the close;
Over and gone with the roses,
And winter again and the snows.

Becket.



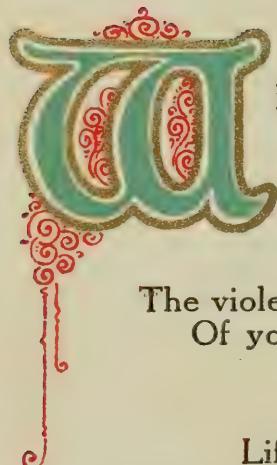
LOVE, thy province were not large,
A bounded field, nor stretching far;
Look also, Love, a brooding star,
A rosy warmth from marge to marge.

In Memoriam.



I muse on joy
that will not cease,
Pure spaces clothed in
living beams,
Pure lilies of eternal peace,
Whose odors haunt my dreams.

Sir Galahad.



HO can say
Why To-day
To-morrow will be
yesterday?
Who can tell
Why to smell
The violet recalls the dewy prime
Of youth and buried time?

Song.

Life is not as idle ore,
But iron dug from central gloom,
And heated hot with burning fears,
And dipt in baths of hissing tears,
And batter'd with the shocks of doom
To shape and use. *In Memoriam.*

For all the souls on earth that live
To be forgiven must forgive.
Forgive him seventy times and seven:
For all the blessed souls in Heaven
Are both forgivers and forgiven.

The Promise of May.

And blessings on the falling out
That all the more endears,
When we fall out with those we love
And kiss again with tears!

The Princess.

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